WEEKLY COURIER.

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JASPER, - INDIANA.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again
My duties wait for me,
They ever come in monotonous round—
Breakfast and dinner and tea,
Smoothing the snow-white clothes,
Sweeping and dusting with care—
There is ever some task in my little home
To brighten it everywhere.
What may I claim for my duties' fee?
Are these endless rounds of tasks to be
Naught but a dull monotony,
Over and over again?

Over and over again
The sun sinks low in the west,
And always over and over again
The birds come back to the nest.
The robin sings to his loving mate,
Close, close to my cottage door,
The same glad song I have heard him sing
For many a day before.
What does the robin say to me?
If the heart is tuned to love's glad key,
No task can be dull monotony,
Though over and over again.

—Ada S. Sherwood, in Good Housekeeping.

MRS. MOLL'S AILMENTS.

She Was Finally Cured in a Very Lively Manner.

Mrs. Rebecca Moll was one of those unfortunate women who are always "ailin'." She was never free from a "misery" of some kind and never knew what it was to see "a well day." Her conversation chiefly referred to the diseases she was suffering from, those she had had, and those she expected to have. She always spoke in a plaintive and dejected little whine, but at the same time wished it to be understood that she was quite resigned to her fate. She was sure that she had suffered from most of the maladies common to humanity, and warmly resented the idea that any one had had more diseases than she.

She loved to dwell upon the many times that "four doctors had given her up," and when it was confidently supposed that "every breath would be her last." It might, however, have puzzled her to give the exact dates of these trying occasions. Certainly they had not been within the remembrance of some of her friends who had known her twenty-five years.

These friends were, indeed, somewhat skeptical in regard to the genuineness of Mrs. Rebecca Moll's maladies. They doubted her oft-repeated statement that she had had the smallpox, the genuine Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, a distinct shock of paralysis and all the fevers ever heard of. They did not believe that her left lung was "clean gone," or that she ever recovered from a combined attack of typhoid fever, diphtheria, congestion of the lungs and black measles.

One reason for their doubts regarding this last statement was that it was noted that on the day following that which all these diseases were at their height, Mrs. Moll had walked three miles to a quilting; but when reminded of this fact she said, calmly: "Some folks git over sickness quicker'n others, and I'm one of that kind."

It was not uncommon for Mrs. Moll to be "breathing her last" one day, and enjoying a cup of tea at the house of a neighbor a mile distant on the next. The ease and grace with which she took on and threw off disease was a matter of surprise to her friends and of satisfaction to herself.

There was one person, however, who had firm faith in the genuineness of all Mrs. Moll's maladies, and that person was her patient and affectionate husband, Mr. Pliny Moll.

"What my Becky has endoored no one but me and her knows," he often said, earnestly. "Many an' a-many's the time I've set by her sick bedside an' said to myself: 'Is she a-breathin' or ain't she a-breathin'?' and I've riz to my feet thinkin' I was a widow man this time—yes, sir. An' ag'in when she's been settin' right in her chair I've looked at her an' said: 'You dead, Becky Moll?' an' when she'd say, so feeble like: 'I ain't *quite*, Pliny,' I've said to myself: 'Well, it won't be long 'fore you will be, Becky Moll, if you ain't better right forthwith an' faster.'"

So good Mr. Moll bore in patience the inconveniences to which Mrs. Moll's many sudden and acute attacks and unending ailings subjected him. As they kept no servant, great domestic confusion resulted when, as was frequently the case, Mrs. Moll had to be almost carried to bed from the breakfast table, leaving Mr. Moll to wash the dishes and attend to other domestic duties. But Mr. Moll made no complaint. He would go to work patiently and sometimes tearfully saying: "Poor Becky! poor Becky! it's a sight harder on her than it is on me."

One day Mrs. Moll went to bed, and did not get up again as the days and weeks wore on.

"I shall never get up again, Pliny," she said to her husband, "I'm done fer. I don' seem to have the first mite of stren'th, an' I've a kind of a feelin' of goneness all the time. There's somethin' the matter of my back an' chist, an' it ain't long I'll be a burden to you."

Old Dr. Philbrick was called. He seemed unable to understand the case of Mrs. Moll, but told her anxious husband that he'd "have her around in a few days."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Moll, resolutely, as she came out of the stupor into which she seemed to have fallen. "Pliny might as well be made to understand the truth, doctor, an' it can't be kept from *me!*"

Doctor Philbrick did not have Mrs. Moll around as he predicted. He came again and again, and seemed at last to be greatly puzzled over the case.

"Seems as though she'd reely ought to git some stren'th," said Pliny to the doctor. "Her appetite ain't failed her yet; she eats more'n I do—"

"Pliny Moll, that ain't so!" cried his wife, indignantly. During her husband's absence from the room Mrs. Moll had been telling the doctor that it gave her pain to swallow any thing at all, and that she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

An elderly relative of Mr. Moll's called "Aunt 'Cindy" had by this time been installed as housekeeper and nurse to Mrs. Moll, who steadily grew worse and now gave daily instructions as to how her funeral should be conducted and what Pliny should do when she was gone. These details always left Pliny very much dejected, and one day he said, desperately and tearfully:

"You shan't go 'long as any thing kin be done fer you that ain't been done. An' there's got to be a consultation over you, Becky."

"It won't do no good," said Mrs. Moll, firmly; "all the doctors in creation couldn't tell what's the matter of me. It's one of them cases the medical perfession ain't got up to yet, and there ain't no cure for it."

Nevertheless, Mr. Moll determined to have a consultation, particularly as old Dr. Philbrick thought it advisable to do so.

"I've done all I can do, Mr. Moll," he said; "I've bled her and blistered her and poulticed her, and given her a great deal and a great variety of medicine, and yet she is no better. I really think there should be a consultation."

Dr. Philbrick belonged to a class of rural physicians fast becoming extinct. He failed to keep pace with the age, and sneered at all the discoveries of modern medical science. His remedies were mostly of his own manufacture, and he bled and blistered his patients until nothing but their iron constitutions and the tenacity with which they clung to life kept them alive through a course of his treatment.

Dr. Peevy and Dr. Hobbson lived in adjoining villages. They were elderly doctors in full sympathy with the Philbrick methods of treatment, and Mrs Moll's situation certainly seemed dangerous when these three wiseacres came together in consultation over her case.

"You've bled her, I reckon?" said Dr. Peevy, while tying his horse in front of Mr. Moll's house.

"Yes, half a dozen times," replied Dr. Philbrick, who had come out of the house to meet his conferrees.

"And blistered her?" asked Dr. Hobbson, who had ridden up with Dr. Peevy.

"Yes, yes; time and again," replied Dr. Philbrick.

It was now June, and Mrs. Moll had kept her bed steadily for so long a time that even the uncharitable neighbors began to think that there "reely was something the matter of Becky Moll," and great interest was felt in the case throughout the neighborhood.

Mrs. Moll seemed to enjoy the prospect of a consultation over her case. It was a distinction and privilege she had never yet enjoyed, even though she had lived "with one foot in the grave" most of her life. But she was firm in the conviction that the consultation would amount to nothing so far as her recovery was concerned.

"It's mostly to please Pliny, poor man, that I've consented to the consultation," she said. "*I* know that forty dozen consultations wouldn't cure me. I've had so many diseases my system is all wore out and I ain't a mite o' stren'th left. I've endoored all one pore human frame kin endoor, and I'm convinced that I've got an incurable complaint now. My grandmother's aunt lay in bed two years, just as I'm doin', 'fore she died, and Pliny had a second cousin go off jist as I'm goin', and nobody knowed what ailded him. It runs in the family and there's no use fightin' ag'in it. If I live through the consultation it's 'bout all I expect to do."

She received the three doctors with stoical calmness, and replied to all their questions in a meek and feeble voice.

"Please put out your tongue, ma'am," said Dr. Peevy, while Dr. Hobbson felt her pulse, with his eyes fixed on his immense silver watch.

Then Mrs. Moll was put through such a long catechism of questions, and subjected to such a thumping of the chest and pounding of the back that her "feeble stren'th" was subjected to a severe strain. The examination of the patient lasted for a full hour, and then the trio of physicians withdrew to consult together.

"Supposing we walk out into the orchard, Brother Peevy," suggested Dr. Philbrick. "I'm afraid the murmur of our voices will make the patient nervous, as she's in the next room. It 'pears to me like a mighty serious case."

"She does seem to be pretty bad of," acquiesced Dr. Peevy, as he put on his hat in accordance with Dr. Philbrick's suggestion that the consultation be held in the coolness and stillness of the old orchard, a short distance in the rear of the house. No sooner were the doctors out of the house than Mrs. Moll called Aunt 'Cindy. And Aunt 'Cindy appeared.

"Where's Pliny?" asked Mrs. Moll.

"I see him goin' out toward the medder lot when the doctors come," replied Aunt 'Cindy. "He seemed to be too worried and oneasy to stay in the house while this here powwow was goin' on. He's been like a fish out of water ever sence he knew it was goin' to be."

"Pore man, pore man!" said Mrs. Moll. "It'll be hard on him to give me up, but he's got it to do. My stren'th is goin' faster and faster every day. I wisht you'd tell Pliny I want him, and then I'd like you to make me some b'iled apple dumplin's and b'ile me a piece of cabbage. I'm so fagged out I've got to have somethin' nourishin' for dinner."

There stood in the meadow lot a solitary oak tree, to the shade of which Pliny always withdrew when he was in the mood for solitary reflection, and he always came thither in his hours of deepest dejection. He seemed to find sympathy and strength in the sheltering arms of the oak tree, and it had been told all the joys and sorrows of his life.

The good man was almost beside himself on this bright and peaceful June day. There was something so ominous in the presence of those three grave and gloomy-faced doctors that Mr. Moll could not stay under the same roof with them, and he had fled to the oak tree to remain there until they had gone. Never had he been more depressed in regard to Mrs. Moll.

"I'm afeerd they'll do her no good," he said, with his handkerchief to his eyes as he lay under the branches of the tree. "Nothing but a maracle will help Becky now, and the age of maracles is gone. Poor Becky!" and little Mr. Moll was weeping softly in his red cotton handkerchief when Aunt 'Cindy found him.

Aunt 'Cindy was a woman of no little force of character, and she thought that there were not many occasions when a man was justified in giving way to tears. She certainly did not regard this as one of these rare occasions, therefore she said, sharply:

"Well, Pliny Moll, you ain't bellerin'? What for? If there's any thing to cry fer *I* aint seen it nor yit heered it!"

"O 'Cindy!" was all Pliny said in reply to this. "What do they say 'bout Becky. Has she lived through it?"

"Well, she's alive enough to want cabbage and dumplin's for dinner, so I reckon there's a *little* vitality left. The doctors are powwowin' out in the orchard, and Becky wants you."

Aunt 'Cindy had not come directly from the house to the meadow. She had stopped at the barn to see if she could find some new-laid eggs for the pudding she intended making for dinner; then she had stopped to dig open a hill of early potatoes to see if they were likely to be large enough for a Fourth-of-July dinner, so that some little time had elapsed since she left the house.

"You'd better come right in," she continued to Mr. Moll, "and if I was you, Pliny Moll, I'd—for the land's sake!"

Aunt 'Cindy had suddenly thrown up both arms, and she clapped her hands together as she cried out: "The house is on fire, as sure as I'm a livin' woman!"

Mr. Moll rose to his feet with a bound, and ran madly after the fleeing Aunt 'Cindy. They met the doctors at the back gate, and all ran into the house, Mr. Moll crying out:

"She'll be scared and burned to death! Git Becky out first thing! We're comin', Becky! Keep ca'm—we'll save you!"

The whole party rushed into the front hall of the house, and there they beheld a singular and unexpected sight. It was Mrs. Moll half-way down-stairs with a huge feather-bed on her back!

"Becky Moll!" gasped her amazed husband. "Why, Becky, you'll—"

"Now don't you lose your wits at a time when you need 'em the most, Pliny," said Mrs. Moll, sharply. "I'll manage this feather-bed, and you go up and begin throwin' things out of the winders. Don't you forgit my black silk dress. You doctors better pull up the carpets, and 'Cindy, you git my gold band chany tea-set out all right. I'll come back and 'tend to my silver spoons and forks soon as I get this new feather-bed out. Fly around, all of you! There ain't no time to lose!"

During the next fifteen minutes no one "flew around" faster than Mrs. Becky Moll, notwithstanding the fact that she was still clad in a long, white nightdress, with her feet thrust into a pair of Pliny's old carpet slippers.

After carrying the feather-bed across the road, and pitching it over the fence of a field in front of the house, she ran back and personally directed the moving of the other things in the burning house.

"Get my winter cloak, Pliny," she shouted up the stairs. "It's bran new, and it's got to do me five years yit! Here, Dr. Philbrick, you and Dr. Peevy carry out the parlor sofy! 'Cindy, 'Cindy, fly around! Get ev'ry thing out of the pantry!"

When the nearest neighbors arrived the whole second story of the house was in flames, and it was unsafe to enter the lower part. Mrs. Moll had been the last to leave. She came rushing out with a family heirloom—a big blue-edged platter—in one hand and a pewter teapot in the other. Carrying them to a place of safety, she climbed over the fence and dropped down on the feather-bed, saying as she did so:

"Pliny, bring me a quilt or something to throw over me! I look scand'lous! I'm afeerd this'll give me an awful back set! Well, Dr. Philbrick, what do you make out is the matter of me?"

"There ain't *nothing* the matter of you, Becky Moll; that's what there ain't!" said Dr. Philbrick, tartly, as he mopped the perspiration from his crimson brow. "Ain't that so, Dr. Peevy?"

"Yes, it is," said Dr. Peevy, briefly, as he gathered up his saddle-bags. "Hobbson thinks so, too, don't you, Hobbson?"

"Of course I do!" replied Dr. Hobbson.

This was far from the conclusion at which the learned doctors had arrived while in the orchard; but the opinions of the most learned men are subject to change. They had made some new discoveries as to the patient's condition—revealed by the events of the fire—which had literally thrown new light on their investigations.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to talk to a dyin' woman like that!" said Mrs. Moll, rising from her bed and pointing her finger scornfully between the rails of the fence toward the departing doctors.

The household goods were carried into a small but quite comfortable old house across the road, in which the Molls had lived before building the house that had burned. The neighbors lent their assistance in arranging the furniture, and by night Mr. and Mrs. Moll found themselves comfortably installed in their old home, with most of their effects around them. Then Aunt 'Cindy went out to the barn where Mr. Moll was feeding his horses and said:

"See here, Pliny; I'm goin' home. I ain't goin' to stay here any longer doing for a woman that's as well as I am, if she'd only think so. I'm a believer in the mind cure for Becky; for if she only thought she was well she'd be well."

"I've seen her do some queer things for a dyin' woman of late," Aunt 'Cindy went on, emphatically. "I caught her in the pantry eatin' pie and cold beef one day last week, and when I told her the other day that 'Mandy Peek was goin' by with a new dress and hat on, she run to the window to see; and that, and what's happened to-day, has made me think I aint needed here, and I'm goin'."

In fifteen minutes she was gone, and Mr. Moll sat for the next half hour on the barn floor with his back against a grain bag, chewing the end of a straw and meditating. At last he rose and went into the house and into the bedroom in which Mrs. Moll was lying.

"Becky," he said, in a strange but decided tone, "Aunt 'Cindy's gone, and I reckon if you want any supper to-night you'll have to git up and git it. I'm goin' out to milk the cows now, and I wish you'd have some flannel cakes for supper when I come in."

There was a hidden degree of firmness in mild-mannered little Mr. Moll's character not often revealed to others, but Mrs. Moll knew of its existence. When she heard Pliny speak now she knew that he meant all he said. She herself was very hungry after her exertions at the fire, and Pliny found her frying eggs and cakes and making an appetizing cup of coffee when he came in with his pail of foamy milk. That was the last of her "incurable malady," and the last of many of her other diseases. She died of old age twenty-five years later.—T. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.

COURAGEOUS BOY.

With the Help of a Dog He Outrides a Storm and Saves a Vessel.

At Bourbon, the most neglected port in the French Indies, a number of vessels rode at anchor. Suddenly a tidal-wave was signaled and a cannon-shot conveyed the order for all vessels to leave the port. The crews hastily regained their vessels and in less than half an hour all ships but one had left the port. The one which remained despite the order was a large brig in ballast, on whose deck not a living soul could be seen. A second shot was fired and the brig slowly pivoted, and with flapping sails made for the open sea. An hour later it was discovered that the entire crew of the brig had been detained on shore and the only living creatures on board were a lad fifteen years old and the captain's dog.

In order to obey the order twice given the lad must have let the anchor chain slip and cut the hawser, but where could he get the strength to hold the helm against a cyclone? Three days passed and all the vessels had returned to port but the brig, and fears gained ground. Suddenly on the morning of the fourth day a naked mast was seen against the horizon. Like a stick at first, it grew longer, and then a hull appeared. All the sails were furled and the brig—for it was the brig—was sailing under masts and cordage only, kept on her course by her little jib hoisted one-third high. A quarter of an hour later a tug was at its side. The brig was brought back after more than three days' terrible strife with the elements.

After seeing no one come the boy, knowing that to stay was destruction, had let the anchor slip, sawed the hawser, and grasping the helm set her head for the sea. Slipping a rope with a running knot larboard and starboard to prevent sudden lurches, he remained at his post with the dog, sleeping and waking, nearly one hundred hours.

The colonists raised a subscription for him and he was sent to the marine school, whence he came out an officer.—Philadelphia Press.

—The color of Othello has been a questioned point in Shakespeare. M. Benjamin Constant, the French artist, has recently expressed his opinion that Othello was not yellowish-brown, but decidedly black.

THE BLAINE CONGRESS.

The Plumed Knight's Efforts to Extend the Area of Industrial Slavery.

It is generally admitted that the Congress of Representatives of American Republics is the result of Mr. Blaine's endeavor. His friends now claim that he had this step in mind while in Garfield's Cabinet, and that to him alone is due the credit of the suggestion that the protective system of this country should be extended to cover the other republics calling themselves "American." Though there may be some who envy the glory attaching to his present position it is not probable that the future will have any thing but reproach for the author of this effort to extend the area of industrial slavery.

There was no fact more generally admitted than that the old form of chattel slavery could not continue in this country if it were to be confined to the narrow limits of the States south of the so-called Mason and Dixon line. Upon this was founded the contention of the Republican party—not that the Government had the right to abolish slavery, or to interfere with the institutions of a State, but that it had clearly the right to prevent the extension of slavery into virgin territory. Recognizing the same truth the advocates of slavery North and South rejected the assertion that this country could not exist one-half free and the other half slave territory, and also the other claim that any State had a right to prevent the citizens of other commonwealths from taking their property wherever they saw fit within the Nation's boundaries.

The reason for the belief in the necessity for the extension of the territory of slavery is plain to the students of political economy. It lies in the fact that as a system it could not compete with the free institutions. It was exhausting to the soil, in that the cheap labor (so-called) of the slaves was impotent to stand beside better paid labor of the free States. The effect was seen in the value of land in the border States. Helper, in his "Impending Crisis," placed in juxtaposition the land values of the States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi, and demonstrated the devastating nature of slavery. The constant effort of the South was for the extension of slave territory, the aim of the North was to strangle slavery by constriction.

There is an exact parallel between the needs of chattel and industrial slavery. The effect of protection is not, indeed, to lower, but rather to raise at first the value of land. But it is only land in the manufacturing centers to which the added value attaches permanently. The claim of benefit to agriculture has been exploded by the vacant farms and impoverished farmers of New England, and the older States of the West. But the tendency of the two systems is to the same result. The very theory upon which the protectionists' argument is built, is that it develops and stimulates competition of production in a market which is by this means limited. This must of necessity produce the difficulties now experienced by the manufacturers of New England. Their manufacturing industries are unable to stand the effect of competition with those in more favored localities, and it is dawning upon their owners that something must be done to extend their markets. They have first demanded free raw materials, and when they discover that they have asked for the overthrow of the very foundation of the system of protection, they will be forced to accept the plan of extending the territorial limits in which their system may operate, or else look for other industries in which, for a time, they may feel the effect of the tariff beneficially. The progress of negotiations with the other American states will be watched with interest by those who understand the intentions of the originators of the scheme of an all-American Union.—Chicago Leader.

TANNERISM SURVIVES.

The Corporal Has Been Removed, but His Principles Still Prevail.

The same trafficking and huckstering for office which compelled President Harrison to appoint Tanner continue to disgrace the Administration in the eyes of those who look to the realization of a principle as the great object of government. From the very inception of the new Administration to the present the division of the spoils seems to have been the principal task of the President and his Cabinet. Were the world to judge the American people by the action of this Administration half of the country would have to be credited with citizens who have neither ability nor character or honesty to administer any office. This half, according to the practice introduced by President Harrison's Administration, who happened to cast a handful of votes less than their opponents. The unseemly haste with which the Government goes to relieve efficient officials because they are Democrats, and put in their places men of the Tanner tribe who have no other merit than being Republicans, is degrading to the whole system of Government. Nor was in the division of offices a higher rule observed than reward or equivalent for political services rendered. Never were so many newspapers subsidized as now in the shape of patronage to editors, nor was nepotism ever practised to such an extent. Does the function of government really culminate in the appropriation of spoils? From the practice of the present Administration it would seem so, and every patriot would have cause to grieve at the decline of our public life if it were not for the faith in the good sense, the rectitude and justice of the people, by which the money-changers will be driven out of the temple, and principle be called on the throne where Tannerism now sits.—Hebrew Standard.

THE FALLEN CORPORAL.

Even Pension-Grabber Manderson Repudiates Harrison's Scapegoat.

When Cæsar lay dead under the daggers of Brutus, Casca, Cassius and the rest, Mark Antony proclaimed that there was none so poor as to do him reverence, though yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world. The Roman Senators are like the Roman populace.

History repeats itself. Officially Corporal and Pension Commissioner Jim Tanner is as dead as Julius himself. Look! In this place ran Noble's dagger through. See what a rent the envious Windom made! Through this the well-beloved B. Harrison stabbed—and as he plucked his cursed steel away look how the blood of Tanner followed him, as rushing out of doors to be resolved if Harrison so unkindly knocked or no (judge, O ye Grand Army men, who dearly loved him); mark how the blood of Tanner followed him. Well, Tanner is as dead as Julius Cæsar himself.

And here comes Manderson, Senator from Nebraska, the recipient of Tanner's favor, the Senator rerated with arrears and rejoicing in the discriminating attention bestowed upon his case by the legless but whole-hearted if wrong-headed Commissioner, surrendering his certificate—the certificate which he accepted with thanks.

Truly, poor Tanner is stretched upon the bier, and not only are there none so poor as to do him reverence, but there are actually those who trample in supposed self-preservation on his corpse, and Manderson, of Nebraska, is one of them.—Chicago Times.

GATHERING HOME.

Why Harvard's Scholarly President Forsook the Republican Party.

"President Eliot is at home at last" is the way the Chicago Tribune announces the conversion of Harvard's scholarly president to the Democratic faith. The only wonder is that a man of his intelligence and practical ideas had not found his way home long ago. The Democratic party is the only home for those who believe as President Eliot believes, that "the principle of protection is false and opposed to the possible development of the country." The fact that President Eliot, who has all along been indoctrinated with this faith, could have so long remained in the Republican party is an illustration of how firm a hold party ties and associations retain upon men and warp their conduct in opposition to their convictions. The fact that he has at length burst the bonds of party prejudice, and has openly aligned himself with the Democratic party, is an evidence that the thinking men of the age recognize the importance of the tariff question, and deem it to be the duty of all citizens to place themselves in position where they can accomplish the most in support of the principles they advocate. The Democratic party is the home of the tariff-reformer, and it is a matter of surprise that the Chicago Tribune and some other newspapers we could mention, who supported Judge Gresham for the Presidency because of his liberal views, have not followed the example of President Eliot. If they have honest convictions, the time will come when they will break into the Democratic party in self defense.—St. Paul Globe.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

——Indianapolis is now a Democratic city, and we are moved to congratulate the President and his esteemed private secretary.—Atlanta Constitution.

——If Harrison's town shows a Republican loss of 2,700 in six months of Harrison's Administration what will thirty-eight States show in four years?—Indianapolis Sentinel.

——Many thanks, Senator Manderson, for returning that $4,000 check which didn't belong to you. But why try to make a virtue of an act of common honesty?—Chicago News (Ind.).

——A pension swindler in Mississippi promised a pension to every negro who paid him $5. They didn't get 'em. The only trouble probably was that the office changed hands.—N. Y. World.

——"Who might you be?" "I am Private Dalzell's blistering, withering curse. Who are you?" "You ought to know me. I am your elder brother. I am General Fairchild's three palsies."—N. Y. Sun.

——The opinion of many prominent Republicans in Columbus, O., is that the false charges founded on forgery and perjury which Halstead made against the Democratic candidate for Governor, and which he was obliged to retract, will lose the Republicans the State. Foraker was a very heavy load for the Republicans to carry, and the additional weight is more than they can stand.

——Under the salutary influences of Democracy, Senator Riddleberger's reformation appears to be complete. He is not only perfectly sober, but is doing excellent work on the stump in Virginia against Mahone. Having been on the inside of Mahone politics for a number of years he is heavily loaded for the little boss, and is telling tales out of school that make the Republicans squirm. The temperate habits of the Senator are a fine proof of the reformatory effects of pure Democracy.—Chicago Herald.